

Spartan Elite: The War Evolves

by Tempest McAwesome

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Summary: Taking place after the first two Halo games Master Chief is forced into a cryoregenerative sleep to heal from the war against the Covenant. When he is awoken, he meets a force more destructive than the Covenant or even the Flood.... His own Spartan Brother

1. Chapter 1

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Prologue:

Bringing Our boys Home

As the final gun fell silent, Earth could finally celebrate their victory over the vile Covenant forces. The war had been a long, inglorious, and very often deadly affair, which many would say was won by the concerted efforts of one man. Known only as Master Chief, and bred since the tender age of six for the deadly art of war time combat he entered the first battle of the war ending it swiftly and strode a deadly path toward winning the war almost single-handedly.

But now as quickly as the war had started it was over. Chief had enjoyed his time in the sun, but now it was time for him to once again leave his mortal coil.

At the UNSC laboratory, located in New Mombassa, the surroundings were as cold and sterile as ever, and Chief knew his time as a sentient being was nearly over.

'_They store me away like I'm some sort of machine, then they let me out to save their asses when they need me!'_

Chief's heavy metal boots clinked down the hallway; two heavily armed

Marines escorted him. As he reached the blindingly bright lab his cryo-sleep chamber hummed to life.

As he climbed in a familiar voice shouted to him, "Sorry Chief. I wish we didn't have to do this"

With a soft "whoosh" the door closed.

"Bullshit! If they cared about me, they'd let me live a normal life. I'm a human being not a war machine!" Chief shouted, his voice falling on deaf ears.

Chief realized now, as the sleeping agent filled the inside of the chamber, it was time for some well deserved rest.

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 1

What Lies Ahead?

The long years passed after the Covenant Civil War, without so much as an uprising. With the cost of keeping USNC Military installations operational it was only a matter of time before certain, drastic measures needed to be taken.

Now, as the doors to the main hall in USNC's most prestigious meeting place were opened, the entire world was tuning in. The hall was crowded, brimming to the hilt with reporters, muckrakers, and military personnel.

As a short, stocky sniveling bald-headed scientist stepped up to the podium the conference began.

"Ladies and gentleman all, I welcome you to Pinecrest Hall, the USNC's most comfortable meeting hall. Now I know why you're all here. You've come to find out what we're going to do with our unneeded resources. We've already decommissioned most of our superfluous tanks and warthog assault vehicles. In an attempt to help the public, we've even retrograded some warthogs for civilian use."

The crowd clapped weakly; on stage the scientist glanced around nervously.

"However, the most prominent order of business is of course our Spartan Super-Soldier units. At current count we have thirty of these units. Seven of which are involved in interstellar battles at the moment." Taking a breath the scientist continued, "We have decided upon careful deliberation to pit the remaining earthbound units in battle. The one remaining unit will be kept, the others will be decommissioned."

In the front row a man in a business suit rose, "Are you crazy!" he shouted. "We might need those Spartans for another war!"

"Don't be so hasty sir, we realize that. But eight Spartan units should be enough. There will be one remaining on Earth; the seven units currently in battle will be exempt from our competition."

With his speech apparently finished the scientist hastily walked off stage. However he quickly turned on his heels and strolled back up to the podium. "One more thing, none of you are leaving this place alive."

Suddenly a battalion of USMC Marines walked in through the back doors carrying Assault Rifles. No one got out alive.

"What? Are they fucking crazy!" shouted Sarge. "They can't just decommission the Spartan project! What the hell are they thinking?"

Quickly Sarge stood up from his heavy oak desk and strolled out of his office angrily.

'I have to warn chief and the other Spartans about this.'

The door to the comm. Room whisked open. Sarge's mind scrambled for some sort of answers. Why would they do this now? Who's idea was it?

With quick and precise movements Sarge brought the Comm. Link online and began to dial in the Spartan frequency. He wasn't sure how many of them he could reach, but he had to try. The others, well, Sarge thought 'Talk about a nasty wake up call'.

Hastily Sarge pulled up Chief's communication window and grabbed a headset.

Sarge attempted to talk, but the link was severed. "Son of a bitch!" Sarge shouted.

"Everything okay Sarge?" asked a young scientist as he stepped inside. Instantly Sarge noticed the pistol under his white lab coat.

Sarge stepped next to him, "Yeah everything's fine kid. I just can't get this Comm. Link running."

"Let's see what I can do."

The scientist stepped forward and began performing an cursory check of the systems. Even to the computer illiterate Sarge it was evident the kid was just buying time. It was time for some action.

In an instant Sarge lunged forward, the kid was taken aback and tried to draw his weapon. Sarge grabbed his arm knocking the gun away and pinning him against a table.

"That was a very fucking stupid thing to do kid. Now let's talk; at this present moment there's nothing legally keeping me from killing you. You've already attempted to assault an officer, with intent to kill. So say something to keep your punk ass alive, or that gun is going to insert some lead into your gray matter."

"What do you need to know?"

"Let's start easy here. What's your name kid?"

"Brad, sir. What else do you want?"

Brad squirmed under the pressure. Sarge slapped him across the back of the head. "Don't do that Brett."

"Brad, sir."

"Who's the captive here Brett?"

"Well, me sir." Replied "Brett" nervously.

"I'll call you what I want to call you then. Got it?"

"Yes sir."

"Okay then. Back to our little Q and A; who do you work for kid?"

"Glenn Forrester, head researcher for UNSC Mombassa unit."

"Well now, look at the big brain on Brett." Stated Sarge sarcastically. "What do you know about the Spartans?"

"Nothing, I'm just interning here Sarge."

"Well then, I'll tell you what. You leave here, and never tell anyone you saw me. And I won't break your skinny bitch arm."

"Whatever you say sir. Please just don't hurt me."

As Sarge began loosening his grip, the Comm. Link went black. A red number ten appeared on screen and then began counting down backwards. Sarge grabbed Brad and tossed him back first into the console.

As Sarge made it into the hallway gunfire erupted on either side of him. Sarge was dead before he hit the ground. The explosion from the Comm. Room brought the whole facility down killing hundreds. Nothing the UNSC didn't want getting out, was getting out now.

End
file.